

The
HOPKINS ARMS

May Issue, 1929



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THE HOPKINS ARMS

Issued quarterly by the Students of Hopkins Academy, the Public High School of
Hadley, Massachusetts.

VOL. VIII, No. 3

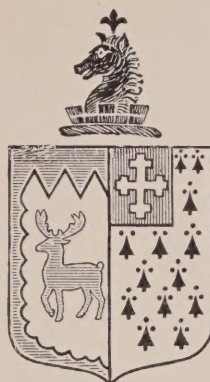
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THE HOPKINS ARMS

Official organ of Hopkins Academy.

Published four times during the
school year.

Subscriptions \$1.00 a year. Single
copies 30 cents.



PALMAM QUI
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Editorials

Men of Hopkins, Arise! Be joyous, be glad.

Ye ogre exams are behind; cast ye them from your thoughts.

Ye warm spring breezes have touched ye faculty's stony hearts, and they have caused our burdens to be lightened.

Forget ye curriculum and look ye forward, —forward to ye prom, ye girls, and all ye high revelry.

Ah! sweet it is to live in spring.

John Dwyer, 1930.

Teachers are always ready to help ambitious students. If a teacher sees that a pupil

is anxious to learn she is willing to help him, for she feels that she is accomplishing something. On the other hand, if she spends her time with a pupil who is unwilling to help himself, her time is really wasted, for she can only teach while he must learn for himself. The scholar who can, but will not make good use of his time is a detriment not only to himself but to his teacher and to the entire school. If the pupil will remember, that the teacher can only teach while he or she must do the learning, the pupil will cooperate with the teacher, and in so doing he will also be helping himself.

Helen Louise Pelissier, 1929

School News

Lane Contest

The seventeenth annual Lane Prize Speaking contest was held in the town hall. As is always the case, the town hall was filled to its capacity with every seat taken and some people standing. The prizes are offered by Wallace R. Lane of Chicago, class of '94, in honor of his father, Rev. John W. Lane. There was a high degree of excellence connected with the whole evening's entertainment. Every speaker showed the results of hours of preparation under the direction of capable instructors. Very few present, except parents of the pupils who spoke, have an idea of the many hours of conscientious endeavor the boys and the girls put into this work and few realize the many hours of thought and study Miss Mary Cook and Mrs. James Reed of the faculty, assisted by Miss Lorena Scott and Miss Frances Dimick, have given to this important extra-curricula activity. The striving for perfection which is accomplished only by hard work, so outstanding in the speaking, was also evident in the selections of the orchestra, boys' glee club and school chorus. Few schools anywhere, regardless of size, present programs of more real merit. Dr. F. H. Smith, president of the board of trustees, presided. The hall had been attractively arranged for the contest by a committee of pupils under the direction of Mrs. Harold Champlain. The judges were: Miss Gertrude Brewster of Northampton high school, Miss Sadie Smith of Westfield high school and Edward Larkin of Haydenville. They reached the following decisions: Boys, first prize of \$8, Lawrence Packard; second prize of \$6, Thomas Jekanoski; third prize of \$5, Russell Taft; fourth prizes of \$3 each to Raymond Pelissier and Dwight Horton; girls, first prize of \$8,

Helen Connolly; second prize of \$6, Dorothy Russell; third prize of \$5, Helen Pelissier; fourth prizes of \$3 each to Josephine Bemben and Marjorie Champlain. The program:

America

A Ballad of Lucky Lindy

Nancy Byrd Turner

Dwight Horton

A Tragedy in Millinery

Kate Douglas Wiggin

Josephine Bemben

The Hero of the Furnace Room

Anonymous

Raymond Pelissier

The Elephant's Child

Rudyard Kipling

Dorothy Russell

The Rescue of Lygia—From "Quo Vadis"

Henry Sienkiewicz

Lawrence Packard

Music—Melody in F.

Rubenstein

School Orchestra

Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight

Rose Hartwick Thorpe

Helen Pelissier

Jerry, the Bobbin Boy

Anonymous

Russell Taft

The Highwayman

Alfder Noyes

Marjorie Champlain

How We Hunted a Mouse

Joshua Jenkins

Helen Connolly

The Perfect Tribute

Mary R. S. Andrews

Thomas Jekanoski

Conference of Judges

Music—'Ole Uncle Moon

Scott

Boys of Junior Class

Negro Spiritual Songs

School Chorus

Report of Judges and Award of Prizes

Hail! Hopkins! Hail!

Chorus and Audience

Win Prizes for Biscuits

The Rumford Company which sponsored a Baking Powder Biscuit Contest, furnished the Rumford Baking Powder used and the necessary utensils. Miss Pozzi of the Hampshire County Extension service judged the biscuits made by the girls. There were two contests, one for the Junior girls and one for the Sophomore girls. The prizes: Juniors, first prize of three dollars, Mary Wanat; second prize of two dollars, Sophie Debraynio; third prize of one dollar, Martha Bishko; Sophomores, first prize of three dollars, Dorothy Cook; second prize of two dollars, Catherine Drozdal; third prize of one dollar, Julia Kostek.

The boys of the senior division of Agriculture at Hopkins Academy, accompanied by Mr. Brown, agricultural instructor, were guests at the animal husbandry department of M. A. C., where a demonstration of cattle was given. Harold Eastman of Hampshire County Extension Service was in charge of the demonstration.

Boys from the agricultural department of Hopkins Academy have for years been prominent in the state for their winnings at judging contests of stock, poultry and vegetables. They have won county, state and national honors in stock, poultry and corn judging. Mr. Brown took a group of boys to the union agricultural meeting at Worcester. One of the features of the meeting was a fruit judging contest and thirty boys entered the contest. Gordon Cook of the junior class was awarded first prize.

Teofilia Mokrzecki of North Hadley, was one of the speakers at the Connecticut Valley Day held at M. A. C. She spoke at the assembly in Stockbridge Hall on, "What 4-H Club Work Means to Me." Miss Mokrzecki, who is a freshman at Hopkins Academy, began her club work six years ago as a member of Mrs. Scott's 4-H Club in North Hadley. She is one of a number of members of this club who has won distinction in club work.

The following pupils at Hopkins Academy were on the scholarship honor list for the first six months of the school year: Seniors, Lucy Mokrzecki, Josephine Nycz, Raymond Pelissier, Henry Sarlowski and Russell Taft. Juniors, Marion Day, John Dwyer, Stella Gesiorek, Ruth Hurd, Thomas Jekanowski, Caroline Kusek, Ruth McQueston, Gladys Mitchell. John Murphy, Lawrence Packard, Clare Pineo and Helen Powers; Sophomores, Helen Connolly, Dorothy Cook, Evelyn Day, Charles Kulikowski, Ruth Pelissier, Shirley Pineo, Mary Powers, Margaret Reardon, Dorothy Russell and Helen Zenzaya; Freshmen, Marion Bak, Statia Drozdal, Stephanina Kobyera, Edward Mokrzecki, Clarence Packard, Rita Lelissies, Thomas Roberts, John Russell, Pauline Szala and Anthony Tenanes.

Three North Hadley girls were winners at the song identification held in connection with the Farmers' Day at M. A. C. Thirty-five girls entered the contest. Toefilia Mokrzecki won first place, Miriam Russell, second and Pauline Szala, third. Miss Mokrzecki was also one of the speakers at the morning assembly. She told of her experiences in 4-H Club work.

Hopkins Athletic Ass'n Awards Letters

An enthusiastic meeting of the Hopkins Academy Athletic Association was held March 22. Raymond Pelissier, president of the association, presided and was assisted by Lucy Mokrzecki, the secretary. Announcement was made of the election of Joseph Martula as captain of next year's basketball team. Edward Drozdal was re-elected manager of the boys' basketball team and Ruth McQueston was elected manager of the girls' basketball team. Basketball letters were awarded to Captain Thomas Jekanowski, Mgr. Edward Drozdal, Henry Sadlowski, Stanley Uchneat, Russell Taft, Lawrence Wentzel, Roger Barstow, Stanley Doskotch and Joseph Martula. The Athletic Association has presented a silver cup to the school, upon which each year

will be inscribed the numerals of the class winning the girls' inter-class basketball series. This year the Class of 1929 has the honor of having its numerals inscribed on the cup. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Brown of the faculty, who has coached the girls in basketball. The cup was received by Amelia Adams, captain of the senior girls' basketball team. A committee consisting of Thomas Jekanoski, Joseph Martula and Lawrence Wentzel of the boys' first team announced their selection of an all-class team, which is: Forwards, Helen Pelissier and Anna Baj; center, Esther Coffey; guards, Josephine Bemben and Amelia Adams; utility, Veronica Yakubek. Letters were awarded to Amelia Adams, Helen Pelissier, Helen Kobyera, Esther Coffey and Josephine Bemben. Some stirring speeches on various phases of athletics and other school activities were given by Henry Sadlowski, Gladys Mitchell, John Dwyer, Thomas Jekanoski and Joseph Martula.

M. A. C. High School Day

Hopkins Academy boys were entered in the various judging contests as follows: Vegetable judging team, Edward Chunglo, Paul Searle and Lawrence Wentzel; stock judging team, Gordon Cook, Roger Barstow and Henry Sadlowski; poultry judging team, Edward Drodzal, Stanley Niksa and Anthony Tenanes; fruit judging team, Edward Wosko, Paul Searle and Mitchell Drodzal; milk judging team, Gordon Cook, Roger Barstow and Henry Sadlowski.

Henry Sadlowski received a silver cup for his work in stock judging. He won third place in the contest in which there were 72 boys competing.

There were more people in the town hall Feb. 20, to hear the debate by teams from the Williamsburg high school and Hopkins Academy than have been present at any basketball game player here this season. This certainly speaks well for the interest here in

debating as the interest in basketball has been definitely established many times. As people listened to the debaters they were impressed with the earnestness of the speakers, of their excellent preparation and of their thorough study of the question. The boys and girls debated the following subject, "Resolved, that the jury system should be abolished." The Williamsburg team, consisting of Winifred Lloyd, William Witherell and Nathaniel Hill, upheld the affirmative, while the Hopkins team, consisting of Helen Powers, Dwight and John Dwyer, supported the negative. It was an interesting debate all the way through, and full of information of value to anybody not versed in this particular question. The main speeches contained valuable material and were well delivered. The rebuttals were also good and, as is usually the case, excited much interest on the part of the audience. An interesting coincidence was noted when Nathaniel Hill appeared as one of the debaters. He is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Hill of Goshen, former residents of North Hadley. It will be recalled that their daughter, Constance, and son, Bradford, were members of an undefeated Hopkins debating team a few years ago. The judges were Major T. J. Hammond of Northampton, Attorney A. E. Addis of Northampton and Professor H. W. Smart of M. A. C. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative team from Williamsburg. Russell Taft, president of the Hopkins debating society, was chairman of the debate. Clare Pineo, Thomas Jekanowski and Lawrence Packard were the ushers. Edward Drodzal was the timer for the speakers. The musical numbers were: Piano duet, "March Militaire," by Helen Bowen and Marion Day; vocal solos by Mrs. Harold Champlain and the singing of "Kerry Dance" and "Sweet Genevieve" by the senior girls. The hall had been decorated very attractively with flags and red, white and blue bunting in recognition of the approaching birthday of Washington.

Literary

When Alpinists in southeastern Switzerland mention the name of Heinrich Herzenwager, the German, they do it with a significant raise of eyebrows. He was the first person ever to climb the Matterhorn and come back to tell about it. Herzenwager had a son who, the mountain climbers say unlike his father had none of the climbing spirit. But there was one thing which made Heinrich's fame secure: annually he donated a prize of fifty thousand marks, to the man of any nationality, who climbed to the needle point of the Matterhorn on Christmas Day.

Heinrich, whenever talking with any old climber, always told with great pride, that his son Max would be one of the climbers. At this the old timers only shook their heads sadly. They couldn't make themselves believe this; for they did not believe the boy had the spirit of his father.

Early Christmas morning, there came together the best group of mountain climbers in the world. There was Hindermann, the Austrian, who was known all over the world for his feats in mountain climbing; but among all these was Max Herzenwager.

Old Heinrich, himself, explained to this group that on the top of the mountain there was a red flag and whoever brought this down would win the money. Old Heinrich now fired the pistol, and the great climb was on.

Slowly the men started, each saving his strength for the greatest tests. For twelve hours through the terrific cold, young Max climbed. In the intense danger of watching out for themselves, the men had separated. At one time Max came upon Hindermann just as that great climber was about to fall to his death from a great cliff. Max was just in time to rescue the Austrian.

At last Max, all alone, reached the most dangerous part of the climb, which was called Devil's Belly. This was a few feet of overhanging cliff, very slippery and dangerous. For half an hour Max crept inch by inch until it was passed. Three more hours of climbing and Max saw the flag near.

"Thank God", he muttered, "they thought I was a coward, but now I'll prove to them that I have my father's blood."

Tony Tenanes '32.

How Could She! !

The warm weather had arrived and the pupils were beginning to feel the effects of spring fever. Everyone was restless, and what studying they did amounted to nothing.

How could they keep it up? Vacation was just one week away, and what a week that would be!

Surely, the teachers would give shorter assignments this week, and not any over the vacation.

All the pupils went to classes with as little studying done as they could possibly do and get by.

The week grew nearer and nearer to a close with fewer and fewer lessons prepared. At last, the long-awaited day arrived. Everyone went to class happy, because, of course, there would be no assignments for a week.

In the first class in the morning everything went along smoothly until the bell rang. Then the teacher announced, "I wish to say a few words. As very few have prepared their lessons this week, I'm going to assign three long lessons over the vacation." No one dared to make a sound.

"You are dismissed, and I hope you have a pleasant vacation." The class passed out silently.

With down-cast hearts they went to other classes expecting the same notice. No other teacher assigned lessons, however; so an utterly ruined day ended happily.

Ruth McQueston '30.

A Scare

One night this winter I went over to Northampton to see a play called "The Canary Murder Case". The play happened to be about people hiding in closets, and spooky things like that. Naturally, when I got home I was rather tempted to run up stairs to see if by any chance there should be someone in my closet or under my bed. I satisfied myself that there wasn't. Then as I was rather hungry, I decided to have something to eat. Not knowing that a model of a woman had been brought over for the home nursing class, I started out to the laundry to find something. I went out there and turned on the light. That was enough! I let out one scream and—that was all. What was there to be afraid of—only a model of a woman in a bag, with a string around her neck, hanging from a hook. I managed to turn off the light and get back into the kitchen—without anything to eat. My appetite was gone and I was ready for bed. Before I went, however, I made sure the door from the kitchen to the laundry was bolted.

Marjorie D. Champlain '31.

A Road

I am a road. I sprang up from an Indian trail—from a deer-path leading to a pool. Ages ago, perhaps the prime warrior used me as a short route to his cave-home. I served as a war path for the Indian with his moccasins-clad feet, and swinging tomahawk. Lastly the English gave me perfection.

I am the Main Street of Hadley. I grew until I became a thriving thoroughfare for all: rich and poor, good and bad, all have found me useful. Children play upon my surface, happy and carefree, unaware of anything ex-

cept their freedom. I am very seldom called the Street of Death. But sometimes there may be a crash—a child's scream—Innocent I may be, but still man calls me dreadful names. Yet I am a beautiful road shaded by large elms, with their mammoth boughs overlapping me.

When you stop to listen, you can hear them whisper to each other and say things about me that are pleasant to hear. I am just what mankind has made me—, a beautiful road.

Ann Sarna '31.

The Mill Pond

One day in June, when everything was peaceful and serene, I visited my usual haunts near the mill pond. On this summer afternoon the pond was quiet and placid, and—just now—as smooth as a mirror. A mirror it was too—for the shrubs, bushes and trees that fringed it were all reflected in the pond. The sun was just setting, and the world was aglow with beauty's colors. Tall, stately pines loomed dark, against the crimson sky. To the left, sweet, delicate water lilies blossomed.

On the other side, the river entered the pond and in the shallow place, like a statue of marble, stood the Great Blue Heron waiting patiently for his prey. As I looked above, I saw an Osprey, smoothly and swiftly sailing thru the sky. Then, like a flash of lightning, he shot down, and soon he was up again with his prize, a fish. I had often seen this sight just as I approached the pond.

From the distance, merry voices came to me. As I looked around the cove came a canoe full of jolly youngsters. They made a picturesque scene as they glided down the pond toward the place where the sun had just set a few minutes ago. Then they faded out of my sight.

Again laughing, singing, gurgling music reached me. To the south I sighted the winding brook, forever hurrying to end its journey.

In the distance, a robin sang his last notes

before he retired. It seemed to me he was singing good night to his mate and babes in the nest. As I started back home thinking of that beautiful placid pond, I thought of the fact that one cannot learn from books the loveliness and beauty of Nature but must go to the great outdoors to learn.

Helen Nierjela '31.

A Midwinter's Fireside Dream

One of those cold, sleeting, snowy days, being wearied by excessive chilliness, I took a book and sat down in an easy, comfortable chair near a bright, raging fire.

I opened my book, but I found my story very dry and uninteresting. The fire crackled drowsily, and made a humming tune in my ears. I closed my eyes, and soon I had forgotten all that was around me.

While I slept there, a very small, sweet lady came and spoke to me. It seemed as if she asked me if I would go with her to see something which would interest me. I consented and followed her to a large building. Here, I found myself surrounded by ugly looking creatures and a few tiny winged beings who looked like fairies. But alas! I fear there were a great many more ugly looking creatures than pretty ones. I naturally looked around at once for the lady who had led me into this building. As I couldn't locate her, I asked the creatures who they were.

As soon as I had finished, speaking, they answered in concert, "We are the days." Soon several of the ugliest-looking ones came near me, and when I asked them what they wanted they said, "We are the days you spent scolding and getting angry with people." I at once remembered the days distinctly. Another very stupid looking little fellow said he was the day I had spent in idleness. One of the pretty ones said he was the day I had spent busy every minute in school.

I was about to ask another pretty one who

he was when I suddenly woke up and heard my name called.

Nellie Wanczyk '31.

A Wild Automobile Ride

The first thing I remember was seeing trees and houses flying by with the wind. My hat was gone, and my hair was having a wonderful game with the breeze. We met scarcely anyone on our way, and I was puzzled to know where we were headed for. I tried to tell Josie to slow down, but she just yelled back to hang on. But what was I to hang on to? Having it settled in my mind that Josie was almost in a hurry and knowing she could drive well, I had just about given up trying to talk to her when I heard a crash and noticed different surroundings about me.

I was no longer in the cute little roadster our father had given us for a graduation gift. Instead, I was half sitting and half lying in a muddy field. I tried to pick myself up, but I seemed to be stiff all over. Finally I succeeded in getting up. As I looked around for Josie, I found the roadster about a hundred feet away, but no Josie. So I ran to the overturned car, thinking that probably she was underneath the mess. When I first looked under the car, I couldn't see her at all; but when I went to the other side, I saw her sitting up with one foot under the machine. She told me to hurry and pull out her foot which was caught in the steering wheel.

This all happened so quickly after the smash that I had scarcely time to collect my senses when I found that I was on the floor all entangled in the bed clothes.

Helen Kobyera '29.

Spring

To me spring means several things, but four of these are of special interest. First, it is the beginning of summer; second, baseball begins; third, the airplanes over at the field can take off; and last, but by no means least, it brings the return of our birds.

I think perhaps that I derive as much pleasure from watching the birds return as from any other sign of the coming summer. The blackbirds and grackles arrive first with their raucous and noisy cries. A glance at my book shows that the robin and bluebird usually run a very close race; some years the robin arrives a few days before the bluebird and other years, vice versa.

Several members of the sparrow tribe also come early, especially the song, fox and field sparrows. About the end of March, a loud, rattling cry announces the arrival of our friend the kingfisher. Through April and on into May the birds arrive thick and fast until, by the middle of June, Nature's feathered dusters are all at work, many indeed already having household cares.

In the United States, and especially in New England, I am sure there are many to whom the coming of spring means the joy of again seeing the return of our feathered friends. If you are not now a bird-lover, it is never too late to become one. In my opinion, anyone who knows and protects our birds becomes a better citizen.

E. L. Packard '30.

Spring Has Come

The soft, balmy spring breeze blew over the water. At the edge of the lake one could hear the lapping of the waves against the side of the boat. In the distance, the chirp of the song-sparrow mingled with the deep voices of the frogs, chanting their solemn dirge. On the top-most branch of a small oak tree, a thrush sang his evening song. The bluebird and redstart had already gone to their nests. In the field, the crickets gayly chirped. In the tops of the pine trees, the wind rustled gently. Then, as if to crown the beauty of the spring night, the moon rose in golden splendor.

Ruth Hurd '30.

The Gifts of Spring

How pleased I was when I saw Spring tripping along by my door with a huge basket full of buds, colors, flowers and birds! And it cheered me greatly when I saw her distribute these various gifts among the people.

The first thing I noticed was the green tints she splashed on everybody's lawns with here and there a dot of pink or red or yellow. Then I looked up in the branches of the trees and heard sweet music, which came from birds that warbled and twittered as the sunlight shone on them.

I thought that was all she had left for us; but no! she left also some pretty little buds,—some white, some red, some yellow and others gold, for everyone to enjoy but not to abuse. She didn't forget even the lonely roadside, she decorated it with violets and bluets.

Now if you didn't see Spring, just walk outside your home and see if she didn't leave something for you to enjoy.

Lucy Moore '29.

The Freshman Class

They laugh at the Freshman Class,
They say we are fresh and green;
They say such a class as we
They have never seen.
We are not fresh
And we are not green.
Such a class as we
Of course they've seen.
For they ought to think back,
And then they would say,
"When we were Freshmen
We did things just as they."
We will soon grow older.
Then where will we be?
Why right at the top;
You wait and see!
Then to us they will come,
(I bet a dollar too,)
And to us they will say
"Wish we were like you."

Marion Bak '32.

April

Rushing through the treetops,
 Whistling at the door,
 Howling 'round the chimneys
 April's here once more.
 Blustering down the hillside,
 Sweeping o'er the lea,
 Yet, for all thy tumult
 April, we welcome thee.
 Blow and blare and bluster,
 Howl and rage and roar;
 Still we know thou bringest
 Gentle Spring once more.

Henry Zaskey '30.

Springtime

The birds are singing cheerily,
 The flowers are all in bloom;
 The breezes blow so merrily,
 And birds are preening their plumes.
 Out in the garden daffodils
 Sway to and fro on fragile stems;
 And humming birds with long, sharp bills
 Take nectar from the flowery gems.
 Away off in the oak trees
 A squirrel shrilly screams;
 And busy birds and busy bees
 Build homes near sparkling streams.
 Now in the blossomed apple trees
 The bluebird's note we hear;
 And by his songs and the soft breeze,
 We know that spring is here.

Ruth Pelissier '31.

EXCHANGES

As the *Lakonian* from Laconia, N. H., comes in we notice that the illustrations add to the paper and the paper is very interesting.

Then *Sunny Days* from American College, Old Phaleron, Greece, comes and we notice how educational it is.

Orange Peals, Orange, Mass. Your paper is attractive, interesting, and your illustrations add much.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass. Your Literary Department is especially interesting.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H. Your stories are interesting and your knocks are well chosen.

The Graphic, Amherst High School. Your cover is attractive and your paper is well arranged. Your Alumni News might be enlarged.

The Netop, Turners Falls. Your Literary Department is very interesting.

The Mirror, Wilmington High School. You have a fine Literary Department.

The Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol High School. You have a fine all-around paper.

Comments about us received:

"You have a very good literary department. A few jokes would improve your paper."

The Mirror.

"*The Hopkins Arms* have good Alumni and Literary departments." *The Spotlight.*

"We are very glad to exchange with our neighbor. A few jokes and cuts would greatly improve your magazine." *The Graphic.*

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.

The L. G. S. Messenger, Townshend, Vt.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.

Netop, Turners Falls, Mass.

Deerfield Arrow, South Deerfield, Mass.

The Magnavox, Manchester, Mass.

The Mirror, Wilmington, Vt.

The Graphic, Amherst, Mass.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

The Sentinel, Charlemont, Mass.

The Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.

The Spotlight, South Hadley, Mass.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

The Lakonian, Laconia, N. H.

The Herald, Holyoke, High School.

Athletics

We had one of the youngest basketball teams ever to represent the school. Capt. Thos. Jekanoski was the only veteran around which a team was built. Joseph Bloyder, Eugene Jekanoski, Eddie Wentzel, John Barstow and Stanley Jekanoski of the fast 1928 team graduated last June. Three sophomores; Joseph Martula, Roger Barstow and Lawrence Wentzel; three seniors; Henry Sadlowski, Russell Taft and Stanley Uchneat and Captain Tom and Stanley Daskotz, juniors, were finally selected for the first team. During the season a number of boys who had worked diligently on the second team appeared about ready for a tryout on the first team. John Murphy and Clare Pineo developed fast on the second team, and when John was given a chance in the last two games of the season, he proved his worth.

The team won but one game during the season. It was, however, one of the most respected teams in the Hampshire League. No more deserving team ever represented Hopkins. It is a well known fact that a winning team can easily maintain its morale. When a team loses game after game by close scores then the maintaining of spirit is a different proposition. Not once during the season did the boys lose that spirit of going out to win. The school and the townspeople backed the boys just as though it was a winning combination. They appreciated the courage and fighting qualities of the team and gave it support which continually helped the boys to play heads-up basketball.

Although the team was an inexperienced one it made an excellent record when one considers the type of game it played against some

of the best teams in the league. Deerfield high school for the second time won the tournament at M. A. C. Twice Hopkins' hard working outfit made the crack team from up the river extend itself to win. The game in Hadley was not decided until the final minute and the game at Deerfield was not decided until the last 15 seconds. Our final league game was played against the strong Smith Academy five, winners of the Hampshire League championship. The champions had a good lead at the end of the first quarter. From then on Hopkins played a brand of basketball which made the Hatfield team play its very best game, in order to finally win out in the last quarter.

The boys were certainly a credit to the school. Stanley Uchneat and Lawrence Wentzel as forwards always kept the opposing guards busy. Stanley was our best ball hound and was especially effective in getting the ball from the opponent's tap formations. Lawrence was one of the cleverest players in the league and made up for lack of weight by clever handling of the ball, passing and shooting. Tom at center had a hard job in attempting to take the place of his brother Stanley, who is considered one of the best centers the league has had. Tom developed before the season closed into a center who could hold his own with the best of them. Joe Martula was the running guard. His league record of scoring 32 points while his opponents scored 41 gives some idea of the effectiveness of his playing. Roger Barstow was assigned the task of anchor guard. Although this was Roger's first year of any real experience he was a great help to the hard working team

and was one of the reasons for Hopkins' strong defensive play all season. Henry Sadlowski, Russell Taft and Stanley Duskotz were called upon often and always played well.

Two of the most interesting games of the season were the games with Amherst High School.

Hopkins 23, Amherst High School 19.

Hopkins Academy took a close game from Amherst High School Jan. 25 in the Amherst high school gymnasium by a score of 23 to 19. It was Hopkins' first victory of the year. Any team that can lose ten straight games and yet retain a good fighting spirit is not just an ordinary team. The Hopkins team is young and inexperienced and has had to meet in about every game this year older, taller and more experienced players. It has given a good account of itself in every game and enters every game with an aggressive, going-to-win spirit. Hopkins won because it played a steady, alert game. Their offense was well organized and the defense played the ball, continually intercepting passes. Throughout the game the Hadley outfit gave a good demonstration of the value of ball possession. Hopkins clearly outplayed the college town boys in the first half, leading at half time, 15 to 8. Harvey entered the Amherst lineup at center in the second half and Gilbert went to the forward court. Harvey camped right on the trail of Capt. Jekanoski, who had scored four times from the floor in the first half. With Harvey, Gilbert and Siever, Amherst's big boys, getting the ball from tap and keeping their passes high, the Hopkins' lead was soon cut to three points on baskets by Gilbert and Landis. But Joe Martula, easily the outstanding player of the game, slipped away for two baskets and connected from the foul line. Landis dropped in another from the side court, that was a beauty, and Gilbert added a point from the foul line and again Hopkins was but three points ahead.

Gilbert again connected from the foul line,

but a few minutes later Hopkins worked through the Amherst defense, Uchneat making a clever pass to Martula under the basket and Joe dropped in his fifth basket of the game. Barstow sent his team to a five point lead by a shot from the foul line to end Hopkins' scoring. In the final seconds Landis gave his team a point from the foul line. Wentzel and Uchneat did not score much but played great floor games and when they found that Jekanoski and Martula were shooting in fine form, they worked to get the ball to them. The Hopkins' defense was strong, with Barstow doing a great job under the hoop. Sadlowski and Duskotz both saw action and fitted nicely into Hopkins' play. The summary:

Hopkins Academy			Amherst H. S.		
	b	f p		b	f p
Uchneat, lf	0	0 0	Keedy, rg	1	1 3
Duskotz, rf	0	0 0	Tidlund, rg	0	0 0
Wentzel, rf	1	1 3	Siever, lg	0	0 0
Jek'ski, c	4	0 8	Gilbert, c, lf	2	3 7
Barstow, lg	0	1 1	Harvey, c	0	0 0
Martula, rf	5	1 11	Landis, rf	3	1 7
Sadl'ski, rg	0	0 0	Mack'mie, lf	1	0 2
<hr/>			<hr/>		
10 3 23			7 5 19		

Score at half time, Hopkins 15, Amherst 8.
Referee, Day.

Amherst H. S. 15, Hopkins 13

Amherst High School evened the count with Hopkins in its two-game series by taking a hard fought game Feb. 8, by a score of 15 to 13. That the teams in this Hampshire league are evenly matched is shown by a survey of the games Hopkins has played this year in the league. With a team that was considered a setup by many schoolboy teams, Hopkins has made every team give all it had to defeat it. In the last four league contests, Hopkins won one game by four points and lost three by two points each time. Amherst was much improved over the play of two weeks ago. Its defense was alert and the offense ready to take quick advantage of any opening. Landis and McKimmie are a fast pair of forwards.

THE HOPKINS ARMS

Gilbert is a hard working, rugged playing center and in Keedy and Sievers the club has a strong pair of guards. The first half was a tight battle with half time finding the two teams deadlocked at 6 points each. Amherst put on its best offensive of the evening in the first three minutes of the third quarter and baskets by Landis and Gilbert, which resulted from some pretty team play, put the visitors in the lead, 13 to 8. Hopkins outplayed its opponents the remainder of the game and in the middle of the last quarter tied the score at 13 points. With the last minute half through Amherst worked the ball up the court to MacKimmie, who sent the ball through the ring for what proved to be the winning basket. This Hopkins team has plenty of fight. In those last thirty seconds Hopkins got five shots at the hoop but nary a basket. Just as the final whistle blew, a Hopkins player let go a set shot that almost found the right spot.

Hopkins' second team, which is coached by Paul Brown, and which is coming along fast, defeated the Amherst High School seconds, 7 to 4. Clare Pineo and John Murphy, the guards, were the heroes of this contest. They played a strong defensive game and made all of Hopkins' points.

Amherst H. S.			Hopkins		
	b	f p		b	f p
M'Kimmie, lf	2	0 4	Martula, rg	1	0 2
Landis, rf	3	0 6	Barstow, lg	0	1 1
Gilbert, c	1	1 3	Sadlowski, lg	0	0 0
Garvey, c	0	0 0	Jekanoski, c	1	2 4
Sievers, lg	0	0 0	Wentzel, rf	1	1 2
Keedy, rg	1	0 2	Uchneat, lf	1	1 3
	7	1 15		4	5 13

Score at half time, Amherst 6, Hopkins 6. Time, 8-minute quarters. Referee, Tarshis.

Girls' Basketball

The girls enjoyed an interclass tournament which was of interest to the whole school and to many of the parents as well. The juniors won the first round of games and the seniors

were the winners of the second round. The playoff game was played in the town hall before a large crowd. The seniors by some clever play won the school championship. After this game a team was chosen from the two classes and a game played with the Dickinson Nurses. This game was arranged largely because of the fact that the Kwoka twins, who for a number of years were prominent in girls' athletics at Hopkins, are in training at the hospital and are the two star players on the nurses' team. The game was an exciting one and was only won in the last minutes of the game by the brilliant work of the Kwoka twins. The senior team, the school champions, consisted of Esther Coffey who played center; Helen Pelissier and Helen Kobyera, forwards; and Josephine Bemben and Amelia Adams, guards.

It was the only game of the year for the Hopkins first team and the girls suffered some stage fright. It was a nip and tuck game right from the start with the nurses ahead by a few points most of the time. With a few minutes to go in the second half, a pretty basket by Josephine Bemben tied the score at 15 to 15 and there was plenty of excitement in the hall. Then the Kwoka twins got busy, each counting from the floor to sew up the game. Coach Brown used eleven girls in his lineup and every girl played good basketball. The summary:

Dickinson Nurses			Hopkins Girls		
	b	f p		b	f p
A. Kwoka, lf	2	2 6	J. Bemben, rg	2	0 4
J. Kwoka, rf	6	0 13	E. Coffey, c	2	0 4
J. Patch, c	0	0 0	H. Pelissier, rf	0	0 0
H. Marsh, lg	0	0 0	M. Day, rf	2	0 4
Wrathall, rg	0	0 0	H. Kobyera, lf	0	0 0
			N. Gw'zik, lf	1	1 3
			M'Queston, lf	0	0 0
			A. Adams, lg	0	0 0
			R. Hurd, rg	0	0 0
			G. Mitchell, lg	0	0 0
			M. Searle, c	0	0 0
	8	3 19		7	1 15

Score at half time, Chester 6, Deerfield 5. Referee, Johnson; umpire, Day. Time, four 8-minute periods and one 3-minute overtime period.

Hopkins 17, Smith's School 14

Smith's School and the Hopkins baseball teams had their first good workout of the season on the Hopkins field April 18. The cold wind made it a tough day for the fielders and pitchers. The fielding was fairly good by both nines. The four twirlers who worked found the weather conditions anything but favorable and all but Gordon Cook developed streaks of wildness. Gordon was on the rubber for only two and two-thirds innings. He fanned seven batters during that time and had plenty of speed and excellent control. Smith went along well for a number of innings for Smith's School, but weakened in the last two. Pineo looked fine for several innings. Hopkins came to bat in the last of the eighth, seven runs behind. There did not appear to be a ghost of a chance for the Hadley boys to take the game. But Smith, who began to show the results of pitching in the cold wind, passed both Tenanas and Cook. Taft singled, filling the bases. Smith made the next hitter fan. Tom Jekanowski shot a hot one through the infield. Smith again retired a batter on strikes but Sam Wentzel clipped one into deep left for two bases and scored a moment later on Martula's sharp single. Hopkins went after two runs in the last of the ninth with a determination that could not be stopped. Tenanas led off with a double. Cook took one on the ribs. Mike Bemben walked, filling the sacks. Niksa struck out and all hands were safe and one runner home when Jekanowski's grounder

was fielded to the wrong base. Murphy placed a perfect bunt along the third base line, scoring Cook with the tying run and leaving three on. Sam Wentzel, whose hitting had been the feature and whose hard drives had accounted for four of the Hopkins runs, slammed one almost out of the pasture, sending three runners over the pan and giving Hopkins a 17 to 14 victory. Besides the features already mentioned were catches by Babb and Doskotz. The summary:

Hopkins

	ab	h	o	a
Jekanowski, 1	5	2	9	0
Murphy, 3	6	2	1	1
Wentzel, s	6	4	1	1
Martula, rf	4	3	0	0
Doskotz, lf	3	0	1	0
Roberts, lf	2	0	0	0
Tenanas, 2	4	1	2	2
Cook, rf, p	1	1	1	1
Taft, c	4	1	9	1
Bemben, c	0	0	3	0
Pineo, p	3	0	0	0
Niksa, rf	2	0	0	0
	40	14	27	6

Smith's School

	ab	h	o	a				
LaValle, 2	6	2	2	3				
Colson, 1	6	2	8	0				
Krzanowski, s	3	0	1	1				
Szefczyk, 3	6	3	2	0				
Babb, cf	5	1	2	0				
Sharac, lf	6	2	0	0				
Parda, rf	4	1	0	0				
Rages, c	5	0	10	2				
Han'gan, p	1	0	0	0				
Smith, p	3	1	0	3				
	<hr/>							
	45	12	25	9				
Hopkins	3	0	2	2	0	0	5	5—17
Smith's School	0	0	7	0	3	0	4	0—14

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Second Freshie: "Why didn't you feel of it before you put your hand in it?"

Freshie: "Why do football players wear those horrid spiked shoes?"

Sophomore: "So the referee can find their tracks."

Father of one of the freshmen: "Son, do not let me hear any bad reports about you."

Son: "I'll try not to Dad, but you know how those things will leak out."

Miss Dimick (in chemistry class): "What is celluloid used for?"

Claire Pineo: "Babies' rattles."

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Junior: "Why, they do not swear."

Esther Coffey to boy of the agricultural department: "Well, just why do you look so gloomy?"

Boy: "I wrote a composition on fresh milk and Mr. Brown has condensed it."

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Mr. Brown asked a Freshman what nitrates were, he answered, "They're a lot cheaper than day rates."

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